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What Attracted the Attention of the Solemn Faced Man.

One of our southern salesmen brought home the following from his last trip:

The proprietor of a tannery built a stand on one of the main streets of a Virginia town for the purpose of selling leather and buying new hides.

When he had completed the building, he considered for a long time what sort of a sign to put up to attract attention to the new establishment. Finally a happy thought struck him.

He bored an auger hole through the doorpost and stuck a calf's tail into it with the tufted end outside.

After awhile he saw a solemn faced man standing near the door looking at the sign. The tanner watched him a minute and then stepped out and addressed him.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "Mornin'," said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign.

"Want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No."

"Want any hides to sell?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Merchant?"

"No."

"Lawyer?"

"No."

"Doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I am a philosopher. I've been standing here for an hour trying to figure out how that calf got through that auger hole."—Boot Strap.

Necessary Then.

"It ain't true," said the milkman, "that we always put chalk in our milk."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Mrs. Housekeep, "that you never do it?"

"Well—er—never except after a heavy rain when the water gets brown and muddy."—Ohio State Journal.

Enterprise.

"Sell me a nice air cushion cheap."—Browning's Magazine.

Mag—Billy, I regrets ter say dat our engagement has got ter be broke off.

Billy—Wot's de trouble now?

Mag—Me ma won't leave me wear yer ring no more, 'cos it makes me finger black.—Leslie's Weekly.

Sarcasm.

"Shorry I'm sho late, m'dear," began Dingle apologetically, "but some fresh jokers stopped me an' wouldn't lemme go."

"Indeed!" interrupted his wife. "Why didn't you take the brick out of your hat and hit them with it?"

—Catholic Standard and Times.

How He Won Her.

"The man I marry," said the girl in the parlor scene, "must be but a little lower than the angels."

"Well, what's the matter with me?" queried the young man as he dropped on his knees at her feet. "You see, I'm a little lower than one of them."—Houston Post.

Consolation.

"Kind Hearted Motorist (to victim): There's a doctor in that car behind.—Browning's Magazine.

"The reason you don't sympathize with me is that you have never been disappointed in love yourself."

"I haven't, eh? That's all you know. Why, I once advertised for a wife with a million dollars, and I never got a single reply."—Philadelphia Press.

1947! MAJORITY!

For The Grand Old Democratic Party In Dubois Co!



We still crow for Marshal by 20,000. Stephenson carries Illinois; Johnson in Minnesota; Harmon in Ohio. All Democratic Governors! Indiana has Eleven Democratic Congressmen. And will have a Democratic Senator to succeed the Boonville occupant. See official vote of Dubois county on another page.

Maybe She is Not the Only One.



Banker's Daughter—The baron loves me. He proposed to me today. Her Friend—Then he loves you. But do you know whether he loves any one else?—Jugend.

One Effect of Good Works.



"Great heavens, neighbor, what's happened—barbers, fire or what?" "Nope; m' wife's church is holding a rummage sale to get money to clothe the heathen."

Origin of the Expression "Happy Hunting Grounds."

You often hear or see the expression "happy hunting grounds," and it may be that some of our readers do not know how it originated or what it means. It is the name given to the Indian's heaven, which his imagination paints as a prairie well stocked with buffalo and other game, with no one to molest him or make him afraid. From this belief arose the custom of killing the Indian's pony at the burying ground, so that he may enjoy sport with it forever in the other world, for they also believe that the pony will accompany its dead master. That he may have his weapons ready when he gets there, they bury with him his rifle, his pistol, his bow and his quiver of arrows. Thus equipped he goes to the "happy hunting grounds," where he will enjoy endless sport.

Where Four States Meet.

The United States is the only country in the world that has a "four corners," that is to say, a place where four states meet. Look at your atlas and you will see Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona touching each other. At no other place on the globe do four states, territories or provinces unite to form such a junction.

The spot is on a spur of the Carizo mountains, and few tourists visit it, as it is not easily accessible and partly because comparatively few people think about it. monument marks it, however, erected by the government surveyors. The point is reached by a trail leading from the road from the Navajo Springs in Colorado, in the Ute reservation, to the San Juan river.

The Barber's Pole.

How many of you can tell why a barber has a red and white striped pole as a sign? In the olden time barbers were also surgeons in a small way, particularly in the operation of bleeding. To assist the operation it was necessary for the patient to grasp a staff, and the barber always kept one ready, as well as strips of cloth for bandaging the patient's arm. When the staff was not in use the bandage was tied to it so that they might be together when wanted, and the barber usually hung them at his door as a sign. In the course of time, however, a painted pole took the place at the door of the one used in the operation, and thus came the sign.

The Longest Days.

The longest day of the year at New York is 15 hours; at London, 16½; at Hamburg, 17; at Stockholm, 18½; at St. Petersburg, 19; at Tornea, Finland, 22; at Spitzbergen, 3½ months.

At the Flood.

Hearing of a rise in the waters of the Nile, with a falling barometer and indications of a flood in the valley, the Pithagorians changed his mind and frankly admitted it to Noah. His manner was that of a chastened and softened person.

"You monkeyed too long," said the patriarch. "We gave you a chance to come in with us, and you wouldn't take it. Now we have arranged for all the stock we care about trying to float."

The general liquidation which followed had the usual effect upon all but the insiders.—Puck.

Distinction Without a Difference.



Sensitive Golfer (who has fozzled)—Did you laugh at me, boy? Caddie—No, sir; I wis laughin' at another man. Sensitive Golfer—And what's funny about him? Caddie—He plays gowf aufu' like you, sir.—Punch.

Getting What's Coming to Him.



Innkeeper—That chronic kicker Belzer is sitting over there. Waiter—Yes, sir. Innkeeper—See that he gets a hot dinner. He shan't always grumble for nothing.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

On the Links.



Mr. Timot (teaching a friend golf)—Before I go any further let me impress upon you, old man, that heverythink is in the way you stand!

Conditional.



"Will you be a good girl now that I've bought you that pretty muff?" "Yes, ma; but if you wants me to be a real angel just buy me a bon and fur lined coat to go with it."—New York World.

More in His Line.